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## Saint Anne's Retreat/Legend Tripping

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Brittney Hogan

Las Vegas, Nevada

November 2017

## "The Nunnery"

### Supernatural Non-Religious Legend/Legend Tripping

#### Informant:

Hello, my name is Brittney Hoggan and I'm a current student at Utah State University. I'm twenty years old and originally moved to Logan from Las Vegas in 2015 on a limb because my best friend was coming here, but quickly realized I loved it. I'm majoring in Human Movement Science with an emphasis in Pre-Physical Therapy but didn't figure that out until this current semester three years in, and I currently work in a boutique called ROOLEE which has turned out to be the best job I've ever had. I'm the oldest of four with two sisters and a brother, and I enjoy running, anything outdoors, and water sports. The summer of 2017 I lived in the Dominican Republic for 4 months and taught English to underprivileged kids which ended up being the most rewarding experience of my life. I also found myself donating blood to the mosquito population, involuntarily of course, which has also been an unforgettable experience seeing as how the scars on my legs are a constant reminder. I enjoy spending time with friends and family

#### Context:

Brittney was in Las Vegas when I asked her for her story of the nunnery. Brittney is an outgoing person and not shy to speak in a group, and I have personally heard her bring up the Nunnery in the context of a party. She told me that she uses it as a kind of "getting to know you" activity with her new roommates whenever she moves into a new building.

#### Text:

I remember my freshmen year I found myself in a group of friends who loved doing things late at night, our group was mostly led by a few upperclassmen who had lived in Logan longer and knew all the do's and don'ts of the town. One night, my friend Dylan Cahoon decided to enlighten us with the tale of the nunnery. It's tough to remember all the details but supposedly back in the day there was a nunnery located in Logan canyon and a nun had gotten pregnant and tried to keep it a secret. After the nun had given birth the other nuns found out and chased her trying to get her child. She ran through the forest stashing the baby in some bushes and running the other direction trying to fool the nuns. Once caught

she then told them she had disposed of the baby already, and they all turned to go back to the nunnery.

Later, the

mother returned to the woods but couldn't find her baby anywhere. Upon returning to the nunnery she saw her baby floating in the swimming pool, drowned. So now the whole nunnery is abandoned and haunted by dead babies. Let me repeat myself, haunted by dead babies. Of course we had to go.

Either that night or the night after, we were very impulsive, our group of friends of about nine or ten decided to go out and find this place. I had a friend from Vegas visiting me and brought him along for the adventure, his name was Nick. Dylan was the only member of the group who had been to the nunnery before so he led the way. We piled into two cars and drove at night through the canyon, it took a while because the entrance was hard to find and it took us a couple times driving up and down the same road to find it. Once we did Dylan suggested we park down the road a bit and decided to enlighten us with the fact that what we were about to do happened to also be illegal, great. We walked a quarter of a mile towards the entrance which ended up being this wide wooden bridge above a river with a metal gate at the end that was chained shut. The gate had wide gaps so we slipped through and started walking towards a dirt road that led into the forest. Suddenly, bright lights shined directly onto our group and we made like trees and split. We sprinted all the way back to our car, hearts racing but laughing, and when I say we, I mean the females of the group. Once the boys caught up they told us that there was a security camera underneath the light that must have a motion sensor that caught us trying to sneak past. We tried figuring out what type of camera it was, it couldn't be streaming a live video because there was no service in the canyon and we didn't see any wires leading from the pole it was mounted to, so it must be recording. Some members of the group worried that the light might've set off an alarm to tell police someone was trying to

sneak in, so we waited 20-30 minutes which is about how long it would take for police to show up and no one ever came. So we had to make a decision, go home and call it a close call, or sprint past the light, hope the camera doesn't record our faces, hope police don't show up, and hope the video recording can't be used to I.D. us later. It was a tough call but we did what we thought was the best choice for all members of the group.

Once past the light we continued sprinting up the dirt path until we came to a series of abandoned houses. All old and falling apart the houses looked like the perfect scene for a horror film, and we were in the middle of it. There were around four small buildings in the middle of tall trees that cast eerie shadows on the ground and each other. I walked cautiously, waiting for dead baby ghosts to come crawling out of the houses but luckily it was past their bedtime. Dylan said there used to be a hole on the side of one of the buildings that allowed you to crawl in and look around but that it was now boarded up, can't say I was too disappointed with the news. Although I swore I heard footsteps coming from places no one was walking, the creepiest part of the night was seeing the giant drained cement swimming pool. Remembering the story and looking at it just sent chills down your spine. We didn't stay long because there were certain members of our group that were desperate to leave so we sprinted back down the hill and past the security camera, shielding our faces and walked along the road back to our car. Ending one of the most memorable nights of my college experience.

Texture:

Brittney seemed more entrenched in the legend aspect of the Nunnery than any other person that I interviewed. Through speaking with them multiple of the interviewees believe in ghosts, however it seemed that Brittney was the only one that believed that there were actually ghosts there. She had an anxious yet excited temperament when we visited Saint Anne's, she was one of the braver people that crossed the bridge first, however she was constantly jumpy and seemed to legitimately be scared of ghosts.

Dylan Cahoon  
Utah State University  
Introduction to Folklore/English 2210

Dr. Lynne McNeill  
Fall 2017